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MAPLE-TREE AT MATIBO.

## Original Communications.

## MAPLE-TREE AT MATIBO.

THE beautiful maple-tree, which our engraving represents, is one of the most curious ornaments of a charming estate, called Matibo, situated in the neighbourhood of Savigliano, in Piedmont. It was planted upwards of sixty years ago, but it is not more than twenty-five or thirty years since the idea was started of giving to it the form of a temple, which, after much time and perseverance, was completely realized.

This elegant little edifice consists of two stories, each of which has eight windows, and is capable of containing twenty persons. The floors are formed of branches twined together with great skill; and by nature are furnished with leafy carpets. All round, the verdure has formed thick walls, where innumerable birds have taken up their sojourn. The proprietor of Matibo has never disturbed those joyous little songsters, but has rather encouraged them; and at all hours of the day they may be heard fearlessly sporting and warbling by the delighted visitors, who, looking from the windows, admire the prospect which opens to their view.

## ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON TRISTRAM SHANDY.

(Continued from p. 231, vol. xxxviii.)

THE first two volumes were published on the 10th of January, 1760, and a few days before, Mr. Sterne wrote the following modest and delicate letter to Mr. Pitt:—

"SIR,—Though I have no suspicion that the enclosed dedication can offend you, yet I thought it my duty to take some method of letting you see it, before I presume to beg the honour of presenting it to you next week, with the *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
LAURENCE STERNE."

M. Suard, in the "*Memoires Historiques, sur le xviii. Siècle*," tom. 11, after saying that Voltaire, "a nommé Sterne la second Rabelais de l'Angleterre, qui en avait déjà un dans Swift.—Voilà trois Rabelais, deux en Angleterre, un en France,"—observes, that Sterne "dessine si nettement les objets, et les personnes qu'il rencontre, il les peint de couleurs si vives, que vous oubliez tout dans l'enchantement des portraits, et des tableaux variés qu'il trace. Il a les tons et la touche de toutes les grandes écoles, et de tous les grands maîtres; les crayons et les pinceaux Flamands, Romains, Français, se succèdent dans le style d'un Anglais, trop original pour être d'aucune école, et trop rempli de toutes les impressions physiques

et morales de la nature, pour ne pas les rendre tour à tour avec les touches les plus vraies de toutes les écoles."

The generous biographer of Mr. Sterne, in the "*Dublin University Magazine*," thus delineates his peculiar style in writing *Tristram Shandy*:—"Developing by singularly conceived scenes and conversations, his odd and humorous group; passing from the burlesque or the sarcastic, to the most pathetic touches of nature, or the most intensely vivid sketchings and colourings from life, with wonderful facility and grace seizing on all; seizing on the stray leaves of wisdom's book, and twisting them lightly into his own foolscap; burlesquing pedantry, flagellating humbug, by more dexterous humbug of his own; wheeling away in many a random circle of sportive absurdity, yet skilfully contriving to touch with satire, feeling, or playful wit, the incidental suggestions that come in his way; and in the midst of the seemingly (or often really) driftless overflow, suddenly stopping, to astonish, elevate, or melt the reader's mind with some consummate picture of unrivalled power, or some sentiment unexcelled for moral sublimity. Such is the general character of the style of *Tristram*; in every page manifesting the writer's strong leaning to every virtue, yet exposing at the same time the weakness and vanity that could not resist the temptation to offend decorum by licentious wit."

What Mons. de Voltaire says of Quinault, will apply to many pages of *Tristram*:—"Artless and inimitable strokes of nature frequently appear with most interesting charms."

No other writer could have drawn with such attractive traits the several interviews between Mr. Shandy, my Uncle, and Trim; and his meeting with Maria, at Moulins, has conferred a continued celebrity on that town; and Le Fevre has so many delicate touches of the human heart, that Mr. Sterne's name will ever be respected, and his many errors generously forgot. Sir Walter Scott observes, that his "*Toby and the Corporal* have impressed upon his readers such a lively picture of kindness and benevolence, that their hearts must be warmed whenever it is recalled to memory." He further observes, "that though Sterne selects the materials of his mosaic work with so much art, and polishes them so highly, yet that in most cases we are disposed to pardon the want of originality, in consideration of the exquisite talent with which the borrowed materials are wrought up into the new form: he, indeed, might boldly plead in his own behalf, that the passages which he borrowed from others were of little value, in comparison to those which are exclusively original; and that the former might have been written by many persons, while, in his

own proper line, he stands alone and inimitable." Some one observed, that though he imitated other writers, yet, it must be confessed, his imitations were inimitable.

If one might suggest to an artist capable of seizing the brilliant fancies, the lively sallies of wit, or the deep pathos of Sterne, one must indulge a hope or wish that his pencil might happily seize some of the under-mentioned acute and masterly points:—

Vol. ii. chap. 5. Trim's countenance, which has not yet been drawn by any artist, and my Uncle, "quite overcome with rapture." Chap. 12, when my Uncle "looked up into my Father's face," and when "it penetrated my Father to his heart." Or that inimitable point to paint from, when "Corporal Trim and my Uncle exchanged looks with each other," during the reading of the sermon.

Vol. iv. chap. 4. When "my Father could not help smiling"—with Toby, when he throws down his crutch; and this will introduce, which no artist has yet done, (except some most vulgar attempts,) the countenance of Trim, and the smile in Mr. Shandy's, which would make his face different from Hogarth's incomparable one. It would be injustice to the memory of Mr. Stothard not to mention with respect the happy fidelity with which he has drawn my Uncle, at p. 348 of the 1st vol. of an edition of Sterne, in 4 vols., 1807; and his figure of Sterne, at p. 372 of the 4th volume, is a very good one.

Vol. v. chap. 3. The countenance of Mr. Shandy, when the fine sayings of philosophy "all at once rushed into my Father's head," with the wondering look of Toby; or from this same chapter, for the attitudes of both my Father and his Brother, with the fiery look of the latter, when "my Father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man;" or from chap. 24, when "Yorick drew his chair a little on one side for safety." What a portrait would Mr. Leslie give of Yorick, if we are to guess from that when his lost manuscripts are found! Or from chap. 30, at that happy, contented fire-side, when "my Father stirred up the fire," and coughed twice; or the looks of Yorick, my Father, Uncle, and even of Trim, at Slop, when the latter points to the Corporal. Mr. Bunbury drew Slop; but, happily as he sketched *Le Fleur*, mounting his bidet at Montrenil, one cannot look a second time at his Slop, after viewing Hogarth's conception of him. In No. V. of Mr. Thorp's justly entitled "*Bibliotheca Selectissima*," he thus observes on a tract there preserved:—"This personal narrative of Dr. John Burton, the author of the '*Monasticon Eboracense*,' is excessively rare, and gave rise to the quarrel between him and Sterne, for which the latter immortalized Burton, as Dr. Slop, in his *Tristram Shandy*." Sir

Walter Scott observes, that he thus con-signed him "to painful immortality."

Vol. vi. One laments that the high reputation of Mr. Leslie should not have produced, from the pages of Sterne, more than the admired ones of Toby and the widow Wadman, and the print engraved by Rogers, called "*The Lost and Found*," each of whom may be justly said to have richly caught the whim and humour of Sterne himself! One could have wished that he would with equal felicity have sketched from chap. 6, at the words, "My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork," or when he repeatedly calls for Trim; or from chap. 7, when he looked at Trim, and called him "a good-natured fellow;" or at the masterly conclusion of chap. 8, when the Recording Angel is alluded to; or from chap. 10., when *Le Fevre* "looked up wishfully in my Uncle's face;" or from the end of chap. 12, when he slipped sixty guineas into his hand; or from chap. 13, when Toby took "hold of both my Father's hands."

Vol. viii. chap. 19, at the "look of kindness" which was exchanged between the Corporal and his master; or from that animated page, when "the Corporal could sit no longer;" or at the words, "Gallant mortal! cried my uncle Toby, caught up with enthusiasm."

Vol. ix. chap. 24, has the interview with Maria. Guido drew the portrait of Beatrice, and what we are told of it reminds one of the broken-hearted pilgrim of *Mou-lins*: "There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features; she seems sad and stricken down in spirit; yet the despair thus expressed is heightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her neck; the moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; her eyes, once remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping, and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity, which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic." Chap. 31 has the animated interview with Trim, when ordered to bring in "a full sheet."

If an artist should attempt to paint the countenance of Trim, let him peruse the 25th chapter of vol. vi., which will shew him his real character; and the character of Toby will be finely seen in the 10th chapter of vol. vi., as well as in the 12th chapter of vol. ii. Mr. Shandy is thus spoken of in chap. 19, vol. i.:—"He was certainly irresistible, both in his orations and disputation. He was born an orator; persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of logic and rhetoric were so blended up in him, and withal he had so shrewd

guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent, that nature might have stood up, and said, *This man is eloquent.*" If an artist attempts to portray him with the happy fidelity with which Mr. Hogarth has drawn him, he should also peruse his character in vol. ii. chap. 4 and chap. 12; or from vol. iii. chap. 41 and chap. 42.

Mr. Sterne, speaking of the Monk, says, "I have his figure this moment before my eye"—and "from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them," he immediately painted him, equal to what Guido himself could have done. Might we not indulge a hope, that from the eyes of Mr. Shandy, my Uncle, and the Corporal, and that sort of fire which must be in them, at some of the striking points in the above referred-to pages, that some of those fine points might engage the matchless powers of Mr. Leslie, and the fine pencils of other gifted artists?

Sir M. A. Shee, in his generous and glowing tribute to our great painter, his "Commemoration of Reynolds," after alluding to many of those eminent men whose resemblances his great skill has faithfully preserved for us, thus introduces Mr. Sterne:—

"And shall the Muse review those shades of Fame,  
Yet pass, regardless, Yorick, of thy claim?  
Neglect to pour one grateful strain to him,  
The soul alike of sympathy and whim,  
Who struck the heart's full chord with skilful hand,  
And smiles and tears held equal at command?  
No—while the fires of Wit and Humour warm,  
While simple Nature's tenderest touches charm;  
While poor Maria's sorrows swell the breast,  
And Trim and Toby shall his powers attest;  
Work'd as he wills—while we each picture trace—  
The Monk's pale aspect, or the Peasant's grace;  
Behold the Captive, his sad record keep—  
Laugh with La Fleur—or with Le Fevre weep;  
Our hearts must own his influence, and discern  
The fire of Genius in the flash of Sterne."

Let me conclude, by quoting the whole page with which Sir W. Scott closes his article to the memory of Sterne:—"The style employed by Sterne is fancifully ornamented, but at the same time vigorous and masculine, and full of that animation and force which can only be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the early English prose writers. In the power of approaching and touching the finer feelings of the heart, he has never been excelled; if indeed he has ever been equalled; and may be at once recorded as one of the most affected and one of the most simple writers—as one of the greatest plagiarists and one of the most original geniuses whom England has produced." Dr. Ferriar, who seemed born to trace and detect the various mazes through which Sterne carried on his depredations upon ancient and dusty authors, apologizes for the rigour of his inquest by doing justice to those merits which were peculiarly our author's own. We cannot better close this article than with the sonnet in which

his ingenious inquisitor makes the *amende honorable* to the shade of Yorick:—

"Sterne, for whose sake I plod through miry ways  
Of antique wit, and quibbling mazes drear,  
Let not thy shade malignant censure fear;  
Though ought of borrow'd mirth my search betrays,  
Long slept that mirth in dust of ancient days,  
(Erewhile to Guise, or wanton Valois, dear.)  
"Till waked by thee in Skelton's joyous pile,  
She flung on Tristram her capricious rays;  
But the quick tear that checks our wondering smile  
In sudden pause, or unexpected story,  
Owns thy true mastery—and Le Fevre's woes;  
Maria's wanderings, and the prisoner's throes,  
Fix thee conspicuous on the throne of glory."

F.

#### THE BURIAL OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL AT WINDSOR,

FEBRUARY 9, 1648.

"A pikeaxe and a spade, a spade—  
Eke and a shrowding sheet—  
A pitte of claye forr to bee mayde  
Forr suche a gieste unmeetee,"

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

"'Twas a drear winter's time,  
Far from Saint George's tower,  
O'er that dark land of regicidal crime,  
Shrouded in gloom, and rigid all with rime,  
Swung the deep bells their monitory chime  
For the dead midnight hour.

Many a bitter tear  
Fell in that regal hall,  
Where, by their murder'd master's bloodstained  
bier,  
Stood those few followers, prelate, page, and peer,  
Holding that pious vigil; far and near  
Arm'd sentries' footsteps fall.

All through that weary night,  
Mattock and shovel rang;  
Where yawn'd a grave dug deep by torches' light,  
Yet scantily granted, where for holy rite,  
(Hush'd by fanatic zeal and rebel might,)  
Echo'd unholy clang.

Sacrilege there had been;  
Symbol and effigy,  
Altar, and font, and old elaborate screen,  
Tablet, and burial stone, and rubric e'en  
Trode under foot of men! a mournful scene  
Was in that sanctuary.

Dreadfully dawn'd the day—  
Nor minute-gun, nor knell,  
Told of his obsequies; unhonour'd lay  
There that "discrowned head!" too soon grown  
gray  
Through grief and care; untimely pass'd away  
Where he, a king, should dwell.

Fast fell the drifting snow,  
Gather'd as ruffled shroud  
Round the dark silent train, that sad and slow  
Through the quadrangle pass'd,—where few might  
know,  
Save the stern sentries pacing to and fro,—  
On to the chapel proud.

Faltering fell the tread,  
Up that dismantled nave,  
Of those lone mourners for the royal dead,  
Where might nor prayer be pray'd nor rite be  
read,  
Nor more than sigh be sigh'd, and tear be shed,  
Over the martyr's grave.

\* "This gray discrowned head."—Lines by King  
Charles I.

Through glass all crimson stain'd,  
Sudden a slanting ray  
Stream'd where the glittering snow-stars yet re-  
main'd,  
Blent with the frozen tears, like showers down  
rain'd,  
Spangling the velvet folds, unheeding train'd  
O'er the cold burial clay.

Yet not in mockery  
Of that dismember'd crown,  
Shone those pale gems that evanescently  
Beam'd with prismatic rays o'er monarchy  
Laid in the dust awhile, where majesty  
To that torn grave went down.

Ceresh for purple pall!  
Sawdust for miniver!\*

For rite and requiem echo's lonely fall,  
Where the harsh grating portal closed o'er all  
Writ in the solemn pages, dark and tall,  
Of yon old chronicler.†

REINELM.

\* Ermine.

† Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion.

## ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &amp;c.

INSECTS probably far exceed in the number of their different species every other class of animals; and it is therefore surprising, that so few species belonging to this class, are turned to any useful account in the arts, manufactures, and domestic economy. It would be very wrong, however, to conclude from this, that the thousands of species that are never usefully employed by man are therefore destitute of any properties that might be advantageous to him. When the manufacturing and commercial portion of the people shall have acquired a more extensive knowledge of the various properties and secretions of insects which entomologists have already noticed and published, then, perhaps, the catalogue will be somewhat increased. Linnæus observes, that "The man who shall take delight in studying insects, may have his labour rewarded by the discovery of a more grateful sweet than honey, a stronger thread than that of common silk, a more glowing crimson than that of cochineal; but he will require patience, perseverance, and repeated observation."

Although the number of insects that are rendered useful is comparatively small, yet I doubt not that I shall be able to shew that it much exceeds what the mass of readers would compute it at. To render the subject more clear and intelligible than it would otherwise prove, I shall arrange my examples according to the classification of the species to be cited, and not according to the nature of their application.

*Coleoptera*.—In this order, consisting entirely of beetles, we find many that contribute to the necessities, and some to

the vanities of man. The larvæ or grubs of various species, are eaten in different parts of the world; and those who eat them assure us, that they equal in excellence the best dishes that are recommended in the works of Ude, Kitchener, or Glasse. The grubs of all the African beetles that feed upon decayed wood, Smeathman affirms to be rich and delicate eating; and every traveller might, therefore, get plenty of this wholesome nourishment, did he but know where to seek it. In the cavity formed in the stem of the cabbage-palm, owing to the removal of its cabbage-like produce, the palm-weevil (*Calandra*, or *Cordylia palmarum*,) deposits her eggs, and the grubs which are hatched from these are eaten as great delicacies. These grubs are also found, in some places, devouring the terminal buds of cocoa-trees. Each of these grubs has a black head, and when fully grown, is about as large as the thumb, that is to say, from two to three inches in length, and three quarters of an inch in diameter. Ælian mentions an Indian king, who set before his Grecian guests some roasted worms taken from a plant! but there can be no doubt that the historian alludes to the grubs of this beetle, for he adds, that the Indians esteemed them very delicious, and that so, likewise, did those Grecians who were prevailed on to taste them.\* In both the East and West Indies, these grubs are in great repute at the present day. Madame Merian, in her famous but very faulty work on the insects of Surinam, tells us that the natives of that country roast these grubs, and then eat them with great enjoyment.† Stedman relates that a negro brought him a feast of gru-gru, by which name these cabbage-palm grubs are known throughout the West Indies. "However disgusting they may be in appearance, these extremely fat grubs are," he assures us, "a delicious treat to many people, and they are regularly sold at Paramaribo. The manner of dressing them is by frying them in a very little butter and salt, or by spitting them on wooden skewers. In taste they savour of all the Indian spices, as mace, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, &c. Several species of these grubs are produced in all the palm-trees, when beginning to rot, but some are larger than others; they have all, however, pale yellow bodies, with black heads."‡ The late Rev. Lansdown Guilding says, the cabbage-palm grubs are eaten by a few persons in Surinam, that they are fried

\* Ælian, Hist., lib. xiv. c. 13.

† Merian's Insects of Surinam, p. 48. Her figure of the gru-gru, resembles nothing in nature but a lump of fat. For descriptions and coloured plates, fully illustrative of this insect and its transformations, see an article by the late Rev. L. Guilding, in the *Transactions of the Society of Arts*, vol. xlv.; or, an abstract of the same, with woodcuts, in the *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. v. p. 466—469.

‡ Stedman's Surinam, vol. ii. p. 23.

\* Linnæus's Oration on Insects, published in the *Amœnitates Academicæ*, vol. ii. p. 356.

in butter, and that the greedy epicure, holding the hard horny head of the insect between his fingers, sucks out the fat entrails.\* Kirby and Spence were informed by a person who had long resided in the West Indies, that Sir John La Forey, who was somewhat of an epicure, was extremely fond of these grubs when properly cooked.† Mr. H. Marshall, deputy-inspector of army-hospitals, says that in British Guiana, where these grubs are called ducuma, or grugan, they are reckoned a great delicacy by the epicures and woodcutters, and they are generally cooked in a fryingpan. Some, however, prefer them raw, and in that state they seize them by the black head, dip them in lime-juice, and then swallow them.‡ A traveller, whose name I have not preserved, nor that of the country which he explored, states that the palm-tree grubs are "esteemed great delicacies, and are monopolized by the royal family and mandarins of the first distinction. A present," says he, "of about a dozen of these grubs was sent to us by the viceroy as a mark of great respect. It is hardly necessary to say, we declined eating this delicacy, but we gave them privately to Pasqual's wife, who was highly delighted with the tit-bits that our fastidious taste rejected." The grubs of the longicorn beetles are often eaten by the natives of some of those countries in which they are found. This is particularly the case with the grubs of the *Macrodontia cervicornis*, a large and remarkable looking species, known throughout Brazil and Cayenne by the name of mouche scieur de long. The Rev. F. W. Hope says, that some of the native tribes of India in the vicinity of Travancore, and in the island of Ceylon, feed on the grubs of *Lamiada*, as is the case in Africa with *Lamia gigas*, now denominated *Omacantha*, by M. Serville.§ In Surinam, in America, and in the West Indies, not only the black but the white inhabitants, wash and roast the grubs of the *Cerambyx damicornis*, (each as thick as a man's finger,) and then eat them, and assert that they are delicious.|| Mr. Hall told Kirby and Spence, that this grub is called macaeco, in Jamaica, where it is in request at the first tables. A similar grub is dressed and eaten, under the name of moutac, both by whites and blacks, at Mauritius.¶ According to Linnaeus, the grubs of *Cerambyx cervicornis* are held in equal estimation. Those of *Lamia Tribulus*, when roasted, are eaten in Africa.\*\*

\* Magazine of Natural History, vol. vii. (1834), p. 370.

† Introduction to Entomology, p. 298.

‡ Field Naturalist's Magazine, vol. i. (1833), p. 139.

§ Magazine of Natural History, vol. ii. (new series), p. 232.

|| Merian's Insects of Surinam, p. 24.

¶ St. Pierre's Voyage, p. 72.

\*\* Smeathman's Travels, p. 32.

Kirby and Spence observe, that it is probable that all the grubs of the several species of *Cerambycidae* might be safely eaten, as well as those of many other beetles; and although they do not feel disposed to recommend, with Reaumer, that the grubs of the rhinoceros-beetle (*Oryctes nasicornis*) should be sought for in the hot-beds or dungheaps,\* yet they think, with Dr. Darwin,† that those of the cockchafer, (*Melolontha ruficornis*), which feed on the roots of grass, or the cockchafers themselves, are, (if we may judge from the eagerness of cats, dogs, turkeys, &c., in devouring them) no despicable *bonne bouche*, and might be added to our side dishes. The adoption of this hint would soon have the good effect of lessening the numbers of these destructive insects. In 1688, immense numbers of cockchafers appeared in the county of Galway, in Ireland, where the grubs of these insects are called Connaught worms, and were eagerly devoured by swine and poultry, to which creatures they proved a nutritious and fattening food. This fact having been observed by the people; they adopted a mode of dressing these insects, and then ate them themselves.‡ Pliny's *Cossus* (which he tells us lived commonly in the oak, and used to be fattened with flour by the Roman epicures,) was, most probably, the grub of a beetle of the family *Cerambycidae*.§ If it was not of this kind it may have been the grub of another beetle (*Prionus coriarius*), or one of its congeners, which is sometimes found in the oak.|| Amoreux has collected various opinions of entomologists on the question respecting Pliny's *Cossus*, which is supposed to have been the grub of the palm-weevil (*Calandra palmarum*) by Geoffroy; of the stag-beetle, (*Lucanus cervus*), by Scopoli; and of *Prionus damicornis* by Drury. Neither *Calandra palmarum* nor *Prionus damicornis* are natives of Italy, and therefore they must be left out of this inquiry; but *Prionus coriarius* and the stag-beetle (*Lucanus cervus*) are both found there in the oak and in other trees; and either or both of these insects may have been eaten under the name of *Cossus*, and their difference would not be discernible to naturalists nor cooks.¶ Curtis says, that the women of Turkey cook and eat a certain beetle (*Blaps sulcata*) in butter, to fatten themselves.\*\* Perhaps, all this time, some of my readers have been turning up their noses in disgust at the grub-eating epicures, who, it will have been perceived, are by no means few in number, nor peculiar to one locality. For my part, although I have never eaten

\* Reaumer, vol. ii. p. 344.

† *Phylogia*, p. 364.

‡ *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xix. p. 471.

§ Pliny's *Hist. Nat.*, lib. xvii. c. 54.

|| Kirby and Spence's *Introduction to Entomology*, vol. i. p. 298.

¶ Amoreux, p. 154.

\*\* Curtis's *British Entomology*, vol. iv. p. 148.



grubs, except accidentally, or owing to the carelessness of cooks in washing one's vegetables, I am at a loss to perceive why grubs, when cleaned and nicely dressed, should not be as proper for an Englishman's table as the poultry, which are so fond of them. It is related, that when a traveller expressed his wonder and disgust at some Arabs eating insects, the men replied, that it was poor affectation in a person who could swallow raw oysters to be startled at others who eat insects.

(To be continued.)

## Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

LE LION AMOUREUX; OR, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF A GENERAL LOVER.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

(Continued from page 61.)

STERNY, hurried, as it were, from one step to another, by the charms of Lise, and perhaps delighted with his own success, had not time to reflect on all that he had done; for had he had but a moment of leisure, he would have been astonished and frightened on considering how much he had deviated from his accustomed habits.

The orchestra gave the signal for the dance, and Sterny, with Lise by his side, took his place. She was lovely; yes, beautiful as the angels that we see in our dreams, possessing the serenity of innocence and the repose of happiness. Sterny, dazzled with her beauty, contemplated her with the same pleasure as one would a noble piece of sculpture, which, so to speak, glorifies the human form, in shewing how truly lovely and how graceful it may be. At that time, Lise, who was trembling by his side, appeared to him to have more charms, to be lovelier, than he had imagined. On her countenance there was an indescribable expression of happiness, of fear, and of astonishment. Something had struck the heart of the young girl; something to which she was unaccustomed, and which delighted her, at the same time causing her fear. Her heart beat, and it seemed that there was in her a new existence that had not before lived, and which was now struggling for life. To woman, God has given, at two distinct periods, this ineffable emotion. The one is produced by first love; the other, when she discovers that she is a mother. But no pen is able to describe that ecstasy and agitation which lighted up Lise's countenance. Sterny, who was looking at her in admiration, could not account for the pleasure which he then experienced. He wished to speak, but his voice faltered; she tried to reply, but her

voice faltered, like that of Sterny. They went through the dance in this way; and it was not till he was conducting Lise to her seat that it struck him that he was about to be separated from her. He whispered,

"Does Mademoiselle Lise waltz?"

"Ah, no! Sir; no!" Lise replied, shaking her head, as if waltzing was a pleasure beyond the hopes of a young girl.

"Then," Sterny replied, "you must dance another quadrille with me."

"Yes," Lise said, with evident pleasure; "but will you not dance with some other of the young ladies?"

"With you only, Lise," Sterny replied, with emotion.

"At least with my sister—I pray you to do so," Lise said, in a supplicating tone.

"With the bride?—You are right; and I thank you for having reminded me of my duty."

"And I thank you for consenting," Lise said, with a smile of complacency.

Sterny left her beside her mother, and went into another room. In spite of himself he was happy. Happy! and for what? For having disturbed the mind of a young girl! Poor triumph for a man, whose eye had caused dames the most wealthy and the most artful to tremble under its glances. Do not ask Sterny why he was happy; he would not be able to answer you, for that strange emotion was as new to him as it was to Lise; and he never thought of examining nor of struggling against it. He tried to remain away from the room in which Lise was, but, *malgré lui*, he went to the door, and cast a furtive glance round the room. She was dancing; but her heart was not in the dance; her head was slightly inclined, and from time to time she darted a look around. Whom was she seeking? Sterny was afraid that he was not the object; but when she saw that he was present, she no longer looked about. He felt happy at seeing this, a happiness so great, that it caused him fear. He asked himself the reason, and he blushed on endeavouring to find an answer.

"Ah," he said to himself, "how childish I am becoming! how ridiculous! The devil take me, if I am not tipsy. It is not possible."

And to assure himself that he was not a man that would allow a passion for a child to govern him, he again bent his looks at Lise. She was dancing with a fine young man, as handsome as our *lion*, and who was speaking to her with an air of ease and politeness. At this sight a revolution took place in the bosom of Sterny, and he felt assured that nothing could give him an advantage over his rival. This *chagrin* was increased when he perceived an expression of happiness and tranquillity beam-

ing on the countenance of Lise. The poor girl, on finding that the look of Sterný was fixed upon her, felt happy and proud—an ecstasy which she no longer dreaded, for he was no longer by her side; the contact of his hand, the sound of his voice, no longer made her tremble. A strange doubt pierced the heart of Sterný. He said to himself,

"Is it possible that this girl can be of the *arrière boutique*. Ah, truly, this is too ambitious, my fair one! You are handsome, but your pretensions are somewhat too extravagant."

As Sterný thus thought, his countenance took an expression of haughtiness and disdain; and the young girl having glanced at him, was so frightened that she became pale, and her eyes, which were fixed upon him, seemed to say,

"O, what is the matter? What have I done to you?"

She no longer heard the fine sayings of her *danseur*; she made three successive mistakes in the dance.

Sterný saw all, and wished to know if it was not a trick. He had no inclination to become the dupe of a tradesman's daughter; therefore, as soon as the dance was finished, he assumed a confidential and indifferent air, and approached Lise and her mother.

"I have many pardons," Sterný said to Madame Laloiné, without looking at Lise; "I have many pardons to ask you for my thoughtlessness, Madame. In going home, I found this chain with the medallion. It must belong to some of your guests; and I had entirely forgotten to give it to you."

At the words, "one of your guests," Lise gave Sterný a look which seemed to say,

"Did you not know that it was mine?"

Madame Laloiné thanked Sterný, then said to Lise,

"You see that I was right, in stating that Monsieur le Marquis would bring it to you."

"Ah! it belongs to Mademoiselle," Sterný said, coldly, in presenting it with a haughty air.

"Yes," Lise said, in stretching forth her hand, and looking at Sterný, as if to say, "Am I then a child?"

"Give it to me, Lise," the mother said; "I will put it round your neck."

"By-and-by," Lise said, impatiently; and while rolling it up in her handkerchief, she became pale, and her lips trembled, and Sterný, satisfied with his manœuvre, said, with affected politeness,

"Mademoiselle has not forgotten that she is to dance a *galop* with me?"

"I do not know," Lise replied, with a melancholy air; but if mamma wishes—"

"With M. le Marquis?—certainly, certainly," Madame Laloiné said.

The musicians began, and Lise gave her hand to Sterný.

"Why," Sterný said, as they were walking, "why did you not put your chain round your neck—I suppose it is a *souvenir*?"

"Ah, yes," she replied, casting her eyes up to heaven,— "it serves to make me mindful."

"And," Sterný demanded, "do you believe in the inscription—*Ce qu'on veut on le peut*."

"Yes, Monsieur; up to the present I have had reason for so doing; and," she added, with emotion, "I trust I shall always believe in it. But we are not dancing, Sir."

Sterný threw one arm round the *belle enfant*, and took hold of the hand in which she held her talisman. They danced thus—he devouring her with his looks; she, with eyes cast downwards, and her countenance bearing a melancholy expression. Suddenly a tear dropped from the eyelashes of Lise on to her cheek. Sterný, on observing this, evinced much uneasiness, and leading her into a corner of the room, said,

"I have offended you, Mademoiselle?"

"No, Sir; no."

"But why are you weeping?" Sterný anxiously inquired.

"I am not weeping, Monsieur."

"Listen, Mademoiselle," Sterný said, with an air of frankness; "I do not know anything that I have done or said that could offend you, but if I should have done so inadvertently, I sincerely request your pardon; for, I assure you, such a design never received the sanction of my heart."

"O Sir, pay no attention to what I say or to what I do. You must know that, from childhood, being always weak and suffering, I have been much indulged; and amongst other weaknesses that I have, is that of a foolish, a ridiculous susceptibility."

"But how have I wounded that susceptibility?"

"O, do not ask me, Sir," Lise said; then she added, in apparent trouble, "Let us continue the dance, I pray you."

The galop terminated, and Sterný conducted Lise, as formerly, to the side of her mother. At that moment M. Tirlot came, to claim his privilege of dancing with the bridesmaid, but she said,

"Not yet, M. Tirlot; I am very ill—I suffer much—I am cold."

Sterný looked at Lise; she was pale, and her lips trembled convulsively. Her mother, on seeing her, was much alarmed, and said,

"Come with me, my child." The poor girl left the room leaning upon her mother's arm.

"What is the matter with her?" Sterný demanded, addressing himself to M. Tirlot.



"*Ah! mon Dieu!*" Tirlot said, with a pitiful look. "Always the same thing—those frightful palpitations of the heart. The least fatigue hurts her, and a little excitement is enough to kill her."

"To kill her!" Sterný said to himself; "and what have I done? When I looked at her with disdain—when I told her mother of the medallion that I knew belonged to her, and which, although she knew I had it, she never asked for!—perhaps I wounded her sensitive heart, and turned her joy into wretchedness. Ah, poor girl! poor child! Oh, if I had thought so!—How foolish I have been! how unmanly my conduct!"

To play with the vanity of a little *prude* of the needle might be very amusing; but to hurt without a cause the sensibility of a child so lovely, and one whose every action attested her goodness of disposition, her pure and infantine simplicity, was truly odious. Sterný found himself guilty, foolish, and brutal, and he heaped curses upon his own head. Thus it was with the purest motives of friendship that he remained at the door of the chamber where Lise had taken refuge with her mother. She soon after left the room; was still pale, but appeared calm and resigned; and when she saw the alarmed looks of Sterný, she raised her hand gently to her bosom, shewing him the *plague d'or*, which had just been suspended round her neck; the gesture signified—"*Ce qu'on veut on le peut.*"

The smile which accompanied this movement was so sweet, so resigned, that it touched the heart of Sterný. Lise was then suffering, and had suffered much; and all for him—all on his account. He wished to ask her pardon; but, as she would no longer dance, he had no opportunity of doing so, and therefore shewed his contrition by appearing before her with a sad and thoughtful countenance. He at last became restless; the people who surrounded him were tiresome—not as he might have considered, the next day, on account of their ridiculous appearance; but because they looked at him as if they penetrated the secrets of his heart. This idea at length so influenced him, that he was upon the point of leaving; but he could not think of going away without first obtaining the pardon of that weak and gentle creature, whom he had caused to suffer so much. He went up to Madame Laloiné, and said, with a grave air,

"If I had been but an ordinary guest at this nuptial feast, Madame, I should have considered myself at liberty to retire without presenting my *devoirs*; but I was Prosper's witness, and I pray you to accept my thanks for having admitted into your family an honest man, who, it may be almost said, belonged to mine."

"I thank you, Sir," Madame Laloiné said, with emotion, whilst Lise looked at him with tenderness—"I thank you, Sir; for it is only your friendship for Prosper that could have induced you to make use of such flattering words to people so humble as we are."

"I assure you, Madame, that from the kindness I have experienced, you and your family shall ever have a claim upon my esteem and gratitude."

In saying this, he turned towards Lise, and bowed, without casting his eyes upon her. He did not then see the radiant smile that illumined her countenance; but he saw that she made an involuntary movement with her hand, as if to take his, and to thank him.

He left, and it was not till he had reached the other end of the room that he looked back. Lise had her hand resting upon her bosom, and was looking after him; he fixed his eyes upon her, and she did not withdraw hers from him. They thus looked at each other for some time, both forgetting where they were—both trying to read each other's heart. Madame Laloiné spoke to her daughter, who seemed to be awaking from a dream; but before answering, a slight movement of the head had, as it were, said to Sterný,

"Farewell! and thank you!"

The lion left; he was half mad, confused, and stupid. He tried to rally, but could not, for the image of Lise was before him, saying in all her candour and purity—*Malheureux!* why such behaviour? why insult one whom you know to be good and holy, because she smiled at her own happiness? Sterný became restless in his carriage: he looked round to see if there was yet a trace left of the innocent Lise; but no; he had once the medallion, but without being asked,—to be impertinent,—he had returned it to the mother.

In a state of fury, cursing himself for his own stupidity, he arrived at the club of the lions. He hesitated; then went up stairs, saying to himself,

"If that booby Lingard make but one foolish remark about me, I will strike him!" He then sat down at the gaming-table, lost 500 louis, offended all present by his ill-temper, entered his own house at the break of day, and thought as little of the money he had lost as of his last mistress.

"I shall see Lise again," he said; "I must see her—but how?"

However, when a few hours of repose had calmed his mind, he reflected more seriously; perhaps, than he had ever done before:—he was in love—he felt it; he was not ashamed of his passion, but he was afraid of it. To seduce Lise would be base and ungenerous; "for," he said to himself, "she would love me if I wished; she would

love, me I am sure of it; and her love would be so ardent, that were I to do otherwise than marry her, I might break her heart. That must not be! Well," he added, "I remember that when a child, and very ill, my mother took me to the church, and placing me upon my knees before the Virgin Mary, made me repeat after her—'Holy Virgin! who witnessed the death of thy Son, save me for the sake of my mother!' That image which I supplicated has been engraven on my heart as something sacred and ineffaceable, and of which I have never spoken lest I might be insulted. Lise will be to me a like *souvenir*—a celestial image, of which I had a glimpse, and whose form I will keep in the sanctuary of my soul. Ah! if Lise was not what she is, if she were a queen, I would risk my life to win her—I would dare everything in thinking on the words that she carries near her heart '*Ce qu'on veut on le peut.*' But she is a feather-merchant's daughter, and I cannot stoop so low. No, I must think no more of her—no! no!"

To accomplish this end, Sterný went to the opera, and with that success which always attended his efforts, made a conquest of the *danseuse* who had excited the admiration of his companions. One evening, when seated in one of the boxes of the Théâtre Français, he recognised two females who were looking steadfastly at him: the one was the wife of Prosper—the other, Lise.

"How those girls are staring from the opposite box," the *danseuse* said; "do you know them?"

"No," Sterný said, blushing, while telling the lie.

"Why, then, do you withdraw to the back of the box?—you make me believe that you are afraid."

"Away with your jealousies," Sterný said; and on looking out of his box, he perceived Lise, who was evidently speaking about him. Suddenly she lifted her head, and on meeting the gaze of Sterný, she withdrew her eyes, being apparently much agitated. Sterný, in order to escape the insults of his mistress, did not salute the young girl;—he rose to leave.

"If you quit my box, I will create a disturbance," the *danseuse* said, in anger.

He was hesitating whether to go to Lise or not, when his mistress added,

"If you go into the box where that woman is, I will smack her face before your eyes."

Sterný was transported with rage, and could have stabbed his mistress; but he succeeded in governing his temper. However, when he had conducted her home, he broke all that he could lay his hands on; for as he would not beat her, he was determined to do her all the evil he

could, by destroying all that belonged to her.

Sterný entered his town house in a state of fury. The next day he went to pay a visit to M. Laloine, and was told that there was no one at home—that the family had gone to the country. "In fact," Sterný said to himself, on receiving this information, "I am indeed a fool! If I saw her, I should have again a palpitating heart; and the *belle* would go next day to amuse herself, whilst I—in fact, I am getting mad!"

Fifteen days passed away, and our *lion*, by dint of indulging in the most extravagant excesses, had all but succeeded in forgetting Lise. Nevertheless, at times, her mild and pensive countenance seemed to appear before him, but it was pale, death-like, and distracted. She seemed staring at him with a look of despair, as if reproaching him for bringing upon himself his own ruin and hers. That image appeared before him, even in his sleep, and in his dreams he has seen it watching over him like a guardian angel.

One morning, the servant knocked at his door, and announced that a person of the name of Gobillon desired to speak to him. Sterný's thoughts had been on Lise all night; he started up, and said,

"Shew him up, immediately!"

"Why, what is the matter?" Sterný said, on seeing the sorrowful appearance of Prosper. "You seem very sad for a new married man."

"Ah! it is on account of the grief that there is at home. You remember poor Lise?"

"Well! Lise!" Sterný exclaimed.

Prosper shewed him the crape that was round his hat.

"Dead!" the Marquis uttered.

"Dead! and is now a saint in heaven."

"*Oh mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" Sterný exclaimed, in a fit of despair, which frightened Prosper—"Dead without having seen her again! Dead!"

"Alas, it is so!" Prosper said; "I have been to her funeral, and have come to perform her dying wish."

"Her dying wish?" Sterný repeated.

"Listen, Monsieur le Marquis—you must not think ill of the poor child; for although her mind was too exalted, she had a good heart. The night that she died, I watched at her bedside with my wife. Lise expressed a wish to speak to me in private, and when we were alone, she asked me to unfasten the chain of hair that she wore round her neck. I did so;—then she made signs for me to approach nearer.

"Prosper," she said, 'you will give this to the Marquis of Sterný; tell him not to be fickle and cruel to others, as he has been to me. I send him this present, for he

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will one day be a good and distinguished man—I am sure of it.’

“She then put this medallion into my hand, and an hour afterwards she died, murmuring, ‘*Ce qu’on veut on le peut . . . excepté être aimé . . . aimé—aimé.*’ Then all was over with Lise.”

Stern fell upon his knees, and received this token of pure, of innocent love. For some time, the tears flowed abundantly from his eyes, and it was not till he had become calm that Prosper left him.

Stern remained all that day at home, nor could he be seen by any of his friends. All were surprised, and their astonishment was increased when they heard that he was about to leave France for a considerable time; and most probably they would have imagined that he was deranged had they seen him, the morning before his departure, kneeling at the tomb of Lise, offering up a sincere, a fervent prayer to his Maker.

### Miscellaneous.

#### NEW YEAR'S EVE IN A PAUPER LUNATIC ASYLUM.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

HAVING received, and most cheerfully accepted, an invitation to accompany a friend to an evening entertainment, given, on the last day of the old year, to the pauper women in the County Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, we started from town on Friday evening, just as the dull fog had thickened over Hyde Park for the night, and after a nine miles drive in the dark drew up at the lighted gates of the Middlesex Madhouse, gave in our names, and walked into a bright, cheerful hall, leading by white stone passages to various parts of the house. Following one of these to the apartments of the resident physician, we found that the party had already met in a room below. We accordingly retraced our steps; and after threading several other passages, came to a door which opened into the gallery where the lunatics were assembled.

The momentary impression made by the sudden change from the coolness and quiet of the empty stone passage to the heat and hum and bustle of a long narrow gallery, dressed out with fresh evergreens, lighted with numberless candles, and lined from end to end with three hundred and fifty restless mad women, was simply shocking; but this first impression speedily wore away, and was followed by the conviction (which every other guest must have felt before he left the room) that the generous humanity which had prompted the system, of which this entertainment was only the result, had placed every one of these harmless lunatics in the possession of as much

happiness as her mind was capable of enjoying.

In the middle of the long vista of frilled muslin caps, evergreens, white walls, and mad faces, down which I looked on entering, was a piano, and a crowd of dancers figuring away at country-dances as mirthfully and with as good a heart as if they had been sane. We walked slowly down the room to where the dancing was going on, watched by many eyes that you saw were mad the instant you caught them. A small proportion only of the women danced; the rest sat at the sides of the gallery on benches, laughing or talking to themselves, whispering to their neighbours, lost in sad reveries, or watching earnestly and distrustfully the scene before them; and here and there a face expressive of intense melancholy, as if the poor creature were pondering on some mental misery too heavy for her to bear, called you away from the listless expression of childish imbecility which characterized the bulk of the party. A few keepers were interspersed with the dancers, who helped to give spirit to the dancing; but it was really difficult at first to say who was keeper and who was not. Every one of them seemed to enter into the enjoyment of the dance with so much good will, with so plain an intention of being amused, and so much light-heartedness, that at a little distance, and with the exception of a slovenly method of moving their feet, you might have fancied they were so many country people dancing at a village wake or fair. There was no uniform or work-house dress, to mark them as the inmates of an asylum, but nearly as much variety in their dress as in that of an equal number of villagers.

The crowd altogether reminded me very much of a crowd of children. Wilful, natural, saying what they thought; careless or unconscious of other people's opinions; earnest in trifles, sincere, without concealment; inquisitive, eager observers of every passing thing, and in continual fidgetty motion, you might have imagined yourself in a school of foolish overgrown girls. There were exceptions, of course, where excessive pride or inordinate vanity was the insane indication. The Queen of the Netherlands, for instance, proud as Lucifer, looked down upon you as if you were only dirt; and her equal in pure-pride, who carried a bag of gold,—foreign money, she said, but the Bank would know her pebbles were good foreign money, and would pass in the country she came from,—was as conscious of her wealth as the sanest money-holder on the Stock Exchange. She stalked about in her poor straw bonnet and short sorry gown, with a lofty stage stride, as if she had been the original goddess of plenty. Contrasted with her

pride was the silly vanity of a feeble and somewhat delicate young person, who slipped in and out between the bystanders, and walked backwards and forwards incessantly, in a stealthy, self-conscious way, wishing to attract attention, yet affecting to disregard it. She had been pretty once, was better dressed than the majority about her, and, instead of the common frilled cap, she wore her hair in bands, and had less of the kitchen-maid about her than the crowd that lined the walls. She was the wife of a professional man, gone mad, one would think, with excessive vanity. Whenever you looked at her, she caught your eye, looked away suddenly with a complacent smile at having attracted notice, and walked on in her vain way, as if the eyes of all were waiting upon her. I thought I detected an expression of uneasiness at her being seen among so many common people. Many of them were very loquacious, and pleased at an opportunity of talking to strangers. A placid, middle-aged woman, of the Mrs. Nickleby genus, with a weak flow of soft religious words, and a still weaker stream of namby-pamby, told me innocently that she had a sweet heavenly host of pretty little seraphs three inches long, pretty little creatures, that she fed and nourished: they were up-stairs now, she said, but she had been burrowing in the ground after them in the morning, which was the reason why she was not quite so well as usual. Her earnestness and minute description of particulars shewed how completely she was living in a world of her own, where she saw the seraphs she described. She was fully impressed with the notion that she was sane, and that the rest of the people were mad.

The music or songs played in the course of the evening were very well received by the patients; on some of whom it produced sadness, and on others unnatural gaiety. In the middle of one of the songs, to which all were listening very quietly, an earnest, voluble woman standing behind me, to whom all things seemed possible, whispered in my ear, with an air of familiar truth, which was almost startling—"You know, I've been in heaven, and the songs they sing there are better than that, I can tell you." It was taking her too literally, perhaps, to follow up such an assertion by any further inquiry; but her answer to the question, what sort of music they had there, was a rather singular one. She considered a moment, and then said, as if she had been merely recalling past impressions, "Why common sense to be sure." When the song was over she walked away towards the end of the gallery, where a few patients sat who appeared slightly more irritable than the rest; and among these was a silent, feeble girl, having a look of dejected imbecility on

her sharp, coarse face, which seemed as if her spirits had been broken down by want. She was one of the numerous class of patients who had been confined in that cruel bondage of restraint-chairs, sleeves, straight waistcoats, muffs, or leg-locks, (how rare it is to call things by their right names!)-from which the judicious humanity of the physician and the magistrates had at length released her. Her wrists were deformed by the hard leather cases in which they had been confined; and so habituated had she been to wear them at night, that for some time after they were removed, she held up her hands to be bound whenever she went to bed. Now she was permitted to wander about as she pleased, and although, under the old system, she had been tied up to an iron bar, or a bench, or a heavy restraint-chair, as a dangerous maniac, she conducted herself this evening with propriety, listened to the piano with much apparent pleasure, or sat near some friend, to whom she seemed attached, watching, with a various expression of shyness, or sadness, or apathy, every stranger's face that she saw in the room. She was not the only instance of the happy effects of removing restraint. There were forty-seven persons present, all of whom had been previously confined in some way or another, who now behaved with as much decency as the harmless patients who were always at large.

Before the dancing had ended, Dr. Conolly (whose illness had prevented him from seeing his patients for some time previously, and who for the same reason was unable to join the party earlier) made his appearance in the gallery, and went through it, noticing nearly every person as he passed with some appropriate kindness. I have never witnessed before so affecting a tribute to unassuming genius and worth as was paid by these pauper lunatics to their resident physician. With few exceptions, the women rose as soon as they saw him, and eagerly stepped out from their seats to shake hands with him and ask him how he was, hoping that he was better, and wishing him a happy new year. Wherever he went there was some proof of their respectful affection for him, if not in words, at least in manner, or by voice or look, or by the cheerfulness caused by his merely coming among them; the sympathizing courtesy with which they were received seemed to rejoice them no less than hearing he was better. "What a treat it is," I heard a hearty old woman whisper to her neighbour, when he was out of hearing, "to see the doctor about again;" and the same feeling was expressed in the faces of nearly all. It may well be conceived that so many marks of sincere regard in these helpless lunatics, joined with the ready tact and quiet forbearance, which Dr.

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Conolly shewed with uncertain tempers, his cheerful familiarity with those who required encouragement, his courteous deference to mad vagaries, sympathy with whimsical complaints, gentleness and firmness where they were needed, and his friendly sincerity with all, were not seen without emotion; while at the same time it afforded the plainest proof of the wisdom and humanity of the present system of treatment at Hanwell, when carried out by such an instrument.

At nine o'clock the evening hymn was sung by all who chose to join, and the party broke up, with no other interruption than the loud sobs of one poor soul, who left the room crying, like a great baby, for "her doll." When the signal was given to go to bed, the women left the room as obediently as children, shaking hands and wishing good night with much simplicity. Among the last to go was a poor Irish girl, who interested me exceedingly. She was a fine hearty creature, well made, buxom, and high spirited, with a full round Irish face, a brogue, and soft mild eyes, which, while she smiled to herself, seemed full of wilful gaiety, and then on a sudden became very sorrowful, as if her mind were filled with some painful recollection far removed from the place or circumstances about her. She was an uncertain patient, it seemed, and occasionally became refractory; but to-night she was only in unnaturally high spirits, dashed with these sudden fits of sadness. When we were going away, she called out loudly, "Edward, Edward," as if she expected him to come. She was supposed to have been the bride of a soldier, who had married and then deserted her. She said, with inexpressible pathos, while a song was singing near her, "I had rather hear Edward play the guitar than sit under a canopy of gold and have ten thousand a year."

I find a difficulty in expressing what I felt on leaving this singular scene. Here were three hundred and fifty mad women, of whom perhaps no less than three hundred were incurably mad, having temper and dispositions requiring the most constant and rigid self-restraint to treat with proper forbearance, in some cases impatient of all restraint, listless spendthrifts of their time, or lazy and indifferent to the common every-day necessities of life, without the means or disposition of earning a subsistence, and either without friends, or lost to them, or alienated from them by a malady worse than death, who were treated with a kindness and concern which they would not have met with, and perhaps could scarcely have expected, from their own kinsmen or friends. Instead of harshness they find a charity which "suffers long, and is kind;" where imprisonment and violence

were once thought necessary, liberty with firmness, or with merely occasional seclusion, is all that is required; and, apart from the melancholy incidents which must necessarily follow a pauper lunatic into an asylum, you find these forsaken people in the comfortable enjoyment of as large a measure of happiness as will ever be found consistent with their demented state. It must indeed have been a gratifying reflection to the men who have planned and are carrying out the scheme of benevolence which has already been followed by such results, that to their courageous perseverance and enlightened charity are these benefits to be attributed. Their services are not confined to Middlesex and Hanwell; they are trying a great experiment for the nation, in devotion to which a life would not be mis-spent; and the issue of that experiment will be, that at no very distant day a law will be passed, making all restraints in every madhouse in the kingdom as illegal as they have been already proved to be mischievous and unjust. H. B.

#### FAMILIES OF LITERARY MEN.

(From the Quarterly Review.)

WE are not going to speculate about the causes of the fact—but a fact it is—that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power of any sort very rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of *genius* have scarcely ever done so. Men of *imaginative genius*, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot at this moment point out a representative in the male line even so far down as in the third generation of any English poet, and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down even in the female line. With the exceptions of Surrey and Spenser, we are not aware of any great English author of at all remote date from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort—except Clarendon and Shaftesbury—of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless. Shakspeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny—nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gray, Walpole, Cavendish—and we might greatly extend the list—never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood. M. Re-



nouard's last argument against a perpetuity in literary property is, that it would be founding another noblesse. Neither jealous aristocracy nor envious Jacobinism need be under much alarm. When a human race has produced its "bright consummate flower" in this kind, it seems commonly to be near its end.

Poor Goldsmith might have been mentioned in the above list. The theory is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in science and in literature, of our time, were Davy and Sir Walter Scott. The first died childless. Sir Walter left four children, of whom three are dead, only one of them (Mrs. Lockhart) leaving issue, and the fourth (his eldest son), though living, and long married, has no issue. These are curious facts.

### AMOY.

AMOY Fort, now in possession of the British, lies at the back of the town of the same name, about four hundred yards from the shore, upon an eminence of small size. The front of the village is composed of a cluster of small houses, behind which the principal fort rises. The position of the fort is badly chosen, as several hills acclive in the back-ground, much resembling, in height and conformation, that of Primrose Hill, from which the Viceroy of the provinces of Chekeang and Fokien beheld the cannonading, and the landing of our troops. A long battery runs all along the shore, forming a frontage to the line of houses, and much resembles, at this point, the appearance of Algiers from the sea. Immediately opposite the town of Amoy is a harbour, and the channel itself is about three-quarters of a mile in width, separating Amoy from the island of Koolangsee, which has also its battery. The channel is about twelve fathoms in depth, and affords very excellent anchorage on the north part of the town, immediately facing the battery. Amoy, which is variously called Emouy, or Hiamen, is situated near the south-east coast of China, annexing the province of Fokien. In circuit it has a compass of about fifteen miles; and the great fort which British prowess has just taken was resorted to by Europeans, but abandoned when foreign commerce was restricted to Canton. There are to be met with in its interior and on the coast several very large temples, particularly one, of great celebrity, dedicated to the god Fo, whose statue, of colossal size, towers to a great height, and is much frequented by throngs of worshippers. The images of numerous other divinities are also seen, together with a host of strange allegorical paintings; and incense is burned perpetually on the altars. Amoy is the residence of numerous mer-

chants, who are the owners of more than 300 large junks, and who carry on an extensive commerce, not only to all the ports of China, but to many also in the Archipelago, and to Japan. It is considered as the grand emporium of the Fukkeen province. Notwithstanding the heavy duties levied on exports and imports, these merchants maintain their trade, and baffle the efforts of the mandarins. They have long looked forward with desire to an opportunity of opening a trade with Europeans, and it is considered that they would greatly improve upon that of Canton. Most of the Formosa trade, which is extensive, is carried on by the junks appertaining to Amoy; they go to all the western ports of the island, and either return loaded with rice, or go up to the north of China loaded with sugar. The trade of Amoy has always been regarded with a jealous eye by the emperor and authorities of China. The revenue of the emperor chiefly arising out of the payment of transit dues, the possession of any ports or points on the sea-coast, which should at all interfere with the inland trade of the country, has been always most jealously guarded against. Amoy lies in long. 118° 22' E., lat. 24° 30' N.

### MAGNETIC DISTURBANCE.

(From the "Literary Gazette.")

Simultaneous observations at Greenwich, at Toronto in Canada, at Trevandrum in the East Indies, at St. Helena, and at the Cape of Good Hope, during the remarkable magnetic disturbance on the 25th and 26th of Sept. 1841.

MILITARY organization and military habits made available by the British Association in scientific researches are beginning to develop their advantages; and the very recent and prompt publication by that body, affords proof that the constitution of the association, and the system of magnetic observatories proposed and being carried out by them, are working well. Look at the date of the "disturbance," and see how soon the account of it is brought together from the four quarters of the globe, and published! It is satisfactory, also, to find that the disturbance has not escaped the vigilance of any one of the observatories from which accounts have yet been received. With observers thus trained, and a system thus organized, it would be difficult to predict the results.

Colonel Sabine, in the introductory remarks, refers to the interest which Mr. Airy's circular letter, on the subject of the magnetical disturbance observed at Greenwich on the 25th September last, has excited: to the approval of the Master-General of the Ordnance for the immediate publication of the observations conducted by the officers of the Royal Artillery at the magnetical

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observatories; and to the employment, for that purpose, by the Committee of the British Association (of which the gallant colonel is a prominent and eminent member), appointed to conduct the co-operation of that body in the system of simultaneous magnetical and meteorological observations, of a portion of the grant placed at their disposal.

The disturbances appear to have commenced at Toronto, nearly at the same absolute time as at Greenwich, and to have been generally simultaneous at both stations. The disturbance at Toronto was at its height from 11, A.M. to 4, P.M., Gottingen mean time. Its general effect seems to have been that of causing a decrease of easterly variation and of total intensity. The agreement in direction of the changes of horizontal and vertical force deserves remark: the minimum and maximum of each occurred simultaneously, or as nearly so as can be learned from the observations—the minimum of both being observed at the second reading after noon, and the maximum of both at precisely the same interval after the following midnight. The observations of the second disturbance shew a striking connexion between the chances of declination and intensity—an increase of force corresponding to an increase of easterly declination, and *vice versa*.

An aurora was visible at Greenwich both in the morning and evening of the 25th. At Toronto, the morning was heavily clouded with rain, consequently no aurora could be seen; in the evening the aurora was visible at intervals from seven to ten, P.M., Toronto time, or one to five, A.M., Gott. time, the period of the second great disturbance; the remainder of the night was heavily clouded. A gale of wind occurred on the following day (26th), and in the evening another (?) aurora was seen. The *extreme* changes of the declination, horizontal and vertical force, during the two disturbances, were as follow:—of the declination, 1 deg. '05 min.; of the horizontal force, '02438 of its whole value; and of the vertical force, '01288 of its whole value. Similar observations were made at Toronto in 1840; and the recurrence of so great a disturbance on the same day in the following year is remarkable.

At Trevandrum, in lat. 8 deg. 30 min. 35.2 sec. N., and long. 5 hours 7 min. 59 sec. E., an unusual magnetic disturbance took place simultaneously with those observed in England and America; although, in consequence of the easterly position of Trevandrum, the commencement only of the disturbance was observed there. The disturbance was indicated principally by the horizontal-force magnetometer, because the inclination at Trevandrum being only 2 deg. 50 min., the hori-

zontal intensity at that station comprises nearly the whole magnetic intensity, the vertical component being extremely small. During the whole day of the 25th, the horizontal intensity was weaker than the average of the preceding twenty-four days of the month; and at the Gott. hours of noon, two, four, and six, P.M., when great disturbances were taking place at Greenwich and Toronto, the observations at Trevandrum shew a decrease of intensity much exceeding the usual fluctuations. The effect of the disturbance on the declination-magnetometer appears to have been comparatively small, the north end of the magnet being, however, during the whole day, to the eastward of its average position at the same hours in the preceding part of the month.

The element principally effected at St. Helena was also the horizontal force, which underwent frequent fluctuations of unusual amount, and sustained, on the whole, a considerable diminution of intensity. The magnetic inclination there being 21 deg., the horizontal force forms by much the larger component of the total magnetic force. The diminution took place at 10, A.M. (the 25th); the intensity continued to weaken until 7 hours, 42 min. 30 sec, P. M., and the loss amounted to '0118 of the whole force; and this, it will be remarked, was coincident with the period when the disturbances at Greenwich and Toronto occurred. The fluctuations of the declination at St. Helena, as at Trevandrum, were far less striking than those of the horizontal intensity, or than those of the declination, at Toronto and Greenwich. The magnetic disturbances at the tropical stations have not, however, always this character.

The September returns from the magnetic observatory at the Cape of Good Hope (according to postscript, dated December 29) have just arrived, and their reduction would occasion "an inexpedient delay in this publication." It is satisfactory, however, to find, that the remarkable disturbance under consideration manifested itself in that southern latitude. All the magnetometers were greatly affected. The greatest disturbance of the horizontal force commenced about 10, A.M. (the epochs here spoken of are Gott. mean time), on the 25th, and attained its extreme limit at 7h. 45 min., P.M., on the same day. The vertical-force magnetometer was deflected out of the field of view at 6h. 30m., P.M., on the 24th, and remained so; the instrument being adjusted afresh to the needle, the latter was again deflected out of the field at 2h. 27m. 30s., P.M., on the 25th.

For the tabular details of the observations at Toronto, at Trevandrum, and at St. Helena—for the projected curves of the former—and for valuable hints to magnetic

observers, we refer our readers to the publication itself; to which, it is said, the reduced observations at the Cape may form a supplement, accompanied by observations, probably, of the same disturbance at Simla, in the Himalaya. The September returns from the Van Diemen's Land observatory may be expected in February, about which time accounts may be hoped for, of the same date, from Captain Ross, R.N., who intended to pass the last fortnight of September at Chatham Islands, where he would establish his magnetometers on shore.

### The Gatherer.

**Water Shoes.**—A Lieutenant Hookenberg, of Denmark, has invented an apparatus, by means of which persons may traverse the water. It is described (not very clearly) as "resembling two very narrow boats, pointed at both ends, and united by a square piece of wood, about thirty inches long." The following account of a recent exhibition of it, before the royal family of Denmark, is given in the *United Service Journal*:—"The arm of the sea which runs into the Thier Garter, was the spot selected for the evolutions. The water runners went through a variety of movements, among which were their loading and discharging their muskets while upon the water, running along on its surface at full speed," &c. The shoes, it is added, are so easy, that any person of moderate dexterity and quickness may be taught to manage them.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

**Napoleon and the Fish.**—The fishermen on the coast of Normandy and Bretagne have long entertained a strange superstition—viz., that ever since the fall of Napoleon, their occupation, formerly so lucrative, has fallen off, the fish having ceased to visit the coasts of France in shoals as heretofore; in other words, that they quitted the country to follow the exiled emperor. Within the last twelve months, however, they have returned in their usual abundance; and at Treport and some other fisheries, the trade has lately resumed its former prosperity. This fact one would imagine would have sufficed to wean the fishermen from their faith in the absurd tradition alluded to. On the contrary, such is the power of infatuation with the ignorant, that it has only served to confirm them in their former belief, and to give rise to a new superstition, namely, that the fish have returned back to France with the emperor's mortal remains.

**Quiet at last.**—A country fellow seeing a notorious mountebank dead in his coffin, exclaimed, "Ah! poor fellow, thou art now still for once in thy lifetime."—*The Archaeologist*.

The Mining Company of Ireland last year realized a profit on their operations of £13,708.

**The King of Prussia's Present to the Prince of Wales.**—The King of Prussia's present to his godson, the Prince of Wales, according to the *on dits* in the first circles at Berlin, will be a splendid royal mantle, lined with ermine, decorated with the star of the Order of the Black Eagle, formed of brilliants and other jewels of the first water.

How many young ladies will it take to reach from London to Brighton? Fifty-two; because a *miss* is as good as a mile.

Lord Brougham, who has been visiting the heads of the different colleges at Cambridge, declares that, having sounded them on different subjects, he found that they beat the heads of the Cockney college—*hollow*.—*Punch*.

### MAXIMS.

The frequent use of the name of God, or the devil; allusions to passages of Scripture; mocking at anything serious and devout; oaths, vulgar by-words, cant phrases, affected hard words, when familiar terms will do as well; scraps of Latin, Greek, or French; quotations from plays spoke in a theatrical manner—all these much used in conversation render a person contemptible to all sensible men.

It is a base temper in mankind that they will not take the smallest slight at the hand of those who have done them the greatest kindness.

Never over-praise any absent person, especially ladies, in company of ladies. It is the way to bring envy and hatred upon those whom you wish well to.

It is better, in conversation with positive men, to turn off the subject in dispute with some merry conceit, than to keep up the contention to the disturbance of the company.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"L. M. T.," "A. O.," "To a Young Lady with a Book;" "Faith;" "Glanville;" "Poets and Poetry;" "Character and Genius of Chatterton;" "Love of Animals;" declined, with thanks. "Lines to THE MIRROR" are too complimentary for insertion. "Greatest little" received. "Queen Victoria to the British Standard, on her Coronation;" a spirited Poem, but much too long for our pages. "An Antiquarian;" his suggestion will be attended to.

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